

## which i guess is sort of sweet by punk\_rock\_yuppie

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**Summary:**

Mike Wheeler and Will Byers rolled into Derry, Maine in a beat-up pickup truck near the start of the summer. They were both sunkissed from their detour to Alabama, and had sworn they were only stopping in Derry to refuel and grab some food. They never intended to spend the rest of their summer in Derry, and certainly never intended to tumble headfirst into a group of already close-knit friends. They were going to gas up, get snacks, and be on their merry way.

But, well—best laid plans and all that.

## which i guess is sort of sweet

### Author's Note:

the prequel to *the worlds gone crazy (let's do the same)*! no smut here, just laying the foundation of how the crossover started and Mike and Richie's conversation about the four of them getting together. If you don't already know, Richie and Mike are **not** related in this, they just happen to look alike.

hope you enjoy! subscribe to the series bc i'll probably write more for these four!!

"Richie, did you change your sh-shirt?"

"Who's Richie?" Mike's voice carries through the convenience store and catches Will's attention.

"You—you're not Richie." A different voice than the first, higher pitched and shocked.

Will listens to Mike's exasperated huff of laughter. "Uh, no, I'm not."

"What the fuck." A third voice joins in, smoother but still softer than the first. "Why is Richie—?"

"That's not Richie," the second voice cuts in.

"Nope," Mike agrees. "Hope you find him, I guess."

Will peers around the corner of an aisle to see Mike walking toward him. Behind him are three guys around their age, all with gaping mouths.

"No, no, no," the shortest of them practically shouts. "You have to meet Richie. You're going to shit bricks."

Will and Mike grimace together.

The tallest and gangliest of the other three rolls his eyes. "You'll freak

out,” he does add. “Got a s-spare minute? I think he’s outside s-sm-smoking.”

Will looks at Mike, who shrugs. “Sure.” Will says. “Let us just pay for these first.”

Mike walks with him to the counter and once they’re out of earshot of the other three, Will murmurs to his boyfriend. “What the hell?”

“I don’t know!” Mike hisses back. “The short one just came up and started talking to me, I have no idea—!”

They hurriedly pay for their things and turn to see the three boys standing at the front of the convenience store.

“We could sneak out the back,” Mike suggests softly.

“The truck is out front, they’d see us.”

“Yeah, but by then we’d be in the truck, so...” Despite their conversation, they both start toward the door and the other three boys.

“C’mon,” the middle one says. His hair is curly and he seems perpetually tired. He gestures for Mike and Will to follow, and the first boy—the stuttering one—leads them outside. He looks around for a moment before muttering a soft “ah-ha” under his breath, and pointing.

Will and Mike look over obediently. Will gasps quietly, and Mike makes a deeply confused noise in the back of his throat. There, leaning against the wall with one foot propped up and one hand shoved in the pocket of his cargo shorts, is Mike. Except, it’s not Mike, because Mike is right beside Will, right now.

“What the fuck?” Mike asks, rounding on the other three.

The tallest one shrugs. “What the fuck,” he agrees with a nod.

The boy, *Richie*, looks up and drops his cigarette to the ground. He stamps it out with his shoe and seems to notice his friends first. He opens his mouth, probably to greet them, but Will watches as his

gaze slides slightly to the right.

“What the fuck!” He shouts, hands cupped around his mouth.

Mike and Will fit into the Losers like they’ve always been around.

At first they plan to spend just the weekend in Derry, before starting their trek to New York to see Jonathan before heading back to Hawkins. But one weekend becomes two weeks, and at that point they stop staying at a hotel or in their car and sleep in the extra room at Bill’s house instead.

It takes no time at all for Ben, Bev, and Mike to bring them into the fold, too.

Will likes going to Derry Mike’s farm to see the animals, and likes bonding over Jewish family traditions with Stan; Mike likes Ben’s impressive CD collection, and Beverly shows Mike how to do a perfect winged eyeliner.

All the Losers bond with Mike and Will, but Richie and Bill do so the most.

They don’t know if it’s because of Mike’s and Richie’s resemblance, or maybe because Bill and Will fit together like seamless puzzle pieces, but they just *do*.

“Do you realize,” Richie says suddenly, “we could *never* get married.”

Mike looks up with a frown. “Why would I want to marry you?”

Richie clutches at his chest and makes a wounded noise. “Michael Wheeler, you’re a heartbreaker.” He crows dramatically, practically throwing himself off the bed with the force of his fake hurt.

Mike's lips don't twitch—he's hard to crack like that, Richie has found. Where Will grins easily and Bill always has a smile ready for Richie's dumb jokes, Mike is different. Maybe it's because they look alike; more likely, it's some sort of cosmic force in the universe that declared only Mike would be able to resist Richie's charm.

(Well, not *only* Mike. Stan has been resisting Richie's charm for years. Richie doesn't know how; he's convinced Stan is an alien. What other explanation could there be? But then, that would mean Mike is probably an alien too, which isn't *bad* per se, but—)

"I lost you," Mike says plainly.

Richie comes out of his thoughts and blinks. "Are you an alien?"

Mike's sigh is soft and barely-there. "No," he replies. On the surface, his tone seems patient, but Richie catches the undercurrent of exasperation. It's a common theme with people who speak to him. "Are you going to tell me why we can't get married?" He asks after a beat of silence.

Richie sits upright on the bed again. "Oh, yeah." He'd actually forgotten, and has to steer his thoughts back to where they were before. "Well, either a," he holds up one finger, "everyone would think we were brothers, instead of married."

Mike raises an eyebrow.

"Or, *b*," Richie holds up a second finger. "We'd look like major narcissists, who married someone who looks just like us." He considers the thought for a moment. "Or we'd look like siblings who make out with each other, which really isn't any better than Point A."

"You *are* a huge narcissist." Mike points out as he turns back to his book.

Richie pouts. "Am not." He leans over the edge of his bed to stare down at Mike. "Not *totally*." When Mike doesn't answer, Richie reaches out and tugs on a stray hair. "C'mon, Mikey, you know I'm not."

Mike finally looks up. His expression is placid and unimpressed and

Richie feels cowed, though he doesn't back down.

At least, not for another couple minutes. Mike doesn't blink *at all* during those couple minutes, and Richie finally admits defeat. He sits back on the bed and holds his hands up in surrender—a gesture Mike doesn't even see, since he's already turned back to his book.

"If I'm a narcissist, then so are you."

Mike sighs again, much louder and much more put upon. "That doesn't even make sense."

"You're saying you don't want to know what it's like to kiss this perfect mug?" Richie asks with a grand gesture to his face, then Mike's.

"Just because Will has some fascination with your lips!" Mike stops short and his cool expression finally breaks. He flushes a bright pink and his eyes widen guiltily.

"Wait, wait, wait, *what?*"

*Will grins from where his head is resting in Mike's lap; Mike's fingers are combing idly through his hair as he scours through a Dungeons and Dragons book, plotting out a good campaign for the Losers to join. It's warm in Derry, and even in tees and shorts with a fan going, Will is still too warm. It makes him sleepy and lax, including his thoughts and lips.*

*"Hey, Mike?" He mumbles as he rolls and buries his face against his boyfriend's stomach. He inhales deeply, revels in Mike's scent. Mike laughs quietly and squirms a little under the attention.*

*"What's up?" Mike asks as he sets aside his book after marking his spot. He looks down at Will with a grin.*

*"What do you think kissing Richie would be like?"*

*Mike's hand freezes in Will's hair, though Will's only thought is to nuzzle*

*into the touch for more. After a moment's delay, when Mike still hasn't resumed, Will looks up at Mike with a frown.*

*"What?"*

*"You want to kiss Richie?"*

*Will's words catch up with his brain belatedly, and he tenses. "Uh." He and Mike stare at each other until the silence has stretched taut enough to snap.*

*"I mean." Mike is the first to speak. "I've thought about it," he admits.*

*Will lets out a deep sigh of relief. "Yeah?" He nods along before Mike can answer. "I have too."*

*"Do you want to kiss him?"*

*Will looks away and gnaws his lower lip nervously. "No, no, it's—it's nothing. I love you, Mike."*

*Mike's lips finally curl into a grin. "You can love me and still want to kiss Richie, you know."*

*Will blushes and hides his face in his hands. He doesn't roll away from Mike's lap, though. "What if I wanted to kiss Bill, too?"*

*Mike's eyes widen a little more, but he shrugs—something Will feels more than he sees. Mike's hand finally starts to comb through his hair again and Will melts into the touch. "That'd be okay. Both, both would be okay."*

*Will peeks through his fingers. "Really?"*

*Mike gulps but nods. "I mean, it's all hypothetical, really. But. But if they were cool with it, and you were cool with it—?"*

*"Are you cool with it?"*

*Mike nods again without hesitation. "Can I kiss them, too?" He asks, teasingly.*

*Will rolls his eyes. "I'd like that," is his soft reply.*

"It's nothing!" Mike snaps back. He closes his book and practically throws it into his backpack. Before he can swing it over his shoulder or even think about standing, Richie grabs his shoulder and hauls him onto the bed instead.

"No," he says firmly. "What did you just say? Will has a, a fascination?" His eyes are bright but his tone is cautious. Mike looks ready to bolt.

"You can't tell him I told you, he'll be so upset." Mike drops his face into his hands and sighs. "He mentioned, ugh." Mike draws out the groan, muffled by his hands. "He mentioned wondering what kissing you would be like."

Richie blinks. "He fucking *what*?" He shoves at Mike until their eyes meet. "He said that? Seriously?"

Mike nods, looking more and more distraught as the moments pass.

"Bill wants us to make out." Richie blurts.

*They're in Richie's room, door shut and window open to let the cooler night air in. Richie's buzzed, feeling good and loose—Bill is a lot more than buzzed, sprawled out and grinning on Richie's bedroom floor. He's got a capped bottle of bottom shelf vodka in one hand, and his phone in the other, and he's grinning at the ceiling.*

"You good, Bill?" Richie asks, half laughing, as he peers over the edge of his bed.

*Bill nods immediately, but stops and looks faintly cross-eyed. He sits up and leaves his phone and the vodka aside. Crookedly and awkward he*



*crawls onto the bed. It's a tight fit, given that Richie's bed isn't made for two gangly, long-limbed guys. They make it work though, and Bill's arms fit perfectly around Richie's waist and their legs tangle easily.*

*"I'm great," Bill says after a couple more minutes, as though he just realized he didn't actually say anything. He peppers sloppy, wet kisses to the moles on Richie's neck, trails up and does the same to the freckles on his face.*

*Richie relaxes under the onslaught of attention. "What do you think of Mike and Will?" He asks, not really expecting much of an answer.*

*"Love 'em," Bill replies in an instant. "P-plus, did you know," he hiccups, "two Richies is the best."*

*Richie blinks back, surprised. "Why, Bill, I'm flattered."*

*Bill grins, sleepy and soft. The expression burns in the best way against Richie's skin, even if Bill's breath reeks of cheap booze. "You an' Mike should make out. Two Richies making out... Would be good. Really good." Bill nods, and his tone is slurred but sure. He snuggles closer and sighs happily.*

*"Uh." Richie tries to pull back to get a better look at Bill, but his boyfriend's grip is too strong.*

*"Will, too. S'cute. He's cute." Bill yawns and mumbles again, "they're cute."*

*Richie nods slowly. "Yeah, they're cute." He rubs soothing circles in Bill's back. "So, you want me and Mike to make out?"*

*Bill shudders a bit, in a good way. His nod is half-hearted, both because he's tired and because he's tucked so close to Richie he can barely move.*

*"And you want to kiss Mike too, right?"*

*Bill does another half-assed nod.*

*"And Will?"*

*"All v'it." He slurs. Between one breath and the next, Bill is out, leaving*

*Richie to his thoughts.*

Mike's head shoots up, his eyes wide. "Excuse me?"

Richie shrugs frantically. "We got drunk the other day, and he mentioned it! He passed out afterward but he wouldn't look me in the eye the next day so, I'm pretty sure he meant it!"

Mike's mouth hangs open. "He wants *us*," he gestures between the two of them, "to make out?"

Richie sighs but nods. "He said two Richies is like his *dream*." He sits back on his hands and watches as Mike parses through his words. "I dunno, I mean. At least your boyfriend isn't the only one? But, like, I want to kiss you too. And Will. "

Mike eyes him, suspicious and careful. "Does Bill know about that?"

"Oh,yeah!" Richie says with a laugh. "That's how—that's why he mentioned the two, y'know, us thing. Cuz I brought it up first. Sort of."

"Of course you did." Mike finally grins a little. "Sort of?" He asks.

Richie shrugs. "I asked what Bill thought of you two, and he dropped *that* bomb on me. I told him the next morning that I'd be down but he didn't really want to talk about it. He was embarrassed."

Mike 'ah's under his breath. The tension seeps from his shoulders and he nods, more to himself than anything. "Okay, so. What do we do about this?"

Richie blinks owlishly again. "What?"

"Your boyfriend wants us to make out, my boyfriend wants to make out with you, you want to make out with me *and* my boyfriend." Mike lays it out plainly though his voice shakes a bit.

“What do *you* want?” Richie asks after a moment’s silence.

Mike bites his bottom lip. “I want it all,” he admits in a rush.

Richie grins. “Good. That’s... fucking great.” He leans closer and Mike tenses but doesn’t pull away. “This okay?” He asks, his breath hitting Mike’s lips even with a moderate space between them.

Mike starts to nod, and Richie inches closer. He keeps going until their lips almost touch, and Mike lays a hand on his chest.

“Mike?”

“Not—not without them.” Mike says quietly.

Richie suddenly keenly feels the absence of their boyfriends, and nods. “Yeah, yeah. For sure.” He sits back again and resists rubbing at the blush staining his cheeks. He takes solace in the matching red hue on Mike’s face. “You guys want to come over this weekend?”

Mike laughs. “Subtle.” He leans over and kisses Richie’s cheek, then whispers against his ear. “*We’ll be there.*”